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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR LITERARY WORKERS



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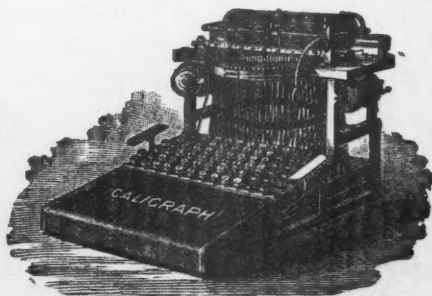
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LITERARY SUCCESS.

Bulwer truly says that there is no royal road to literary success. Few literary men have realized the stern truth of this as did the accomplished author of "My Novel." Although "Pelham" gave him a sudden and brilliant reputation, he would have shone only as the comet of a London season, and been soon forgotten, had he not followed his first success by a rapid succession of novels, — less gay, less witty, less sparkling than "Pelham," but all displaying an industry, a research, a power, a knowledge, perfectly amazing to those who had been accustomed to regard Edward Bulwer as a mere squire of dames, a curled darling of fashion, an amateur poet, whose chief literary occupation was writing sentimental verses in ladies' albums. For years after his first success, this young son of an ancient and distinguished house worked harder than any other literary man in England. Having married young, and against the wishes of his mother, he magnanimously gave up the handsome allowance which she had made him,

and bravely determined to earn his living as a professional author. He wrote articles for newspapers, he wrote verses for annuals, he wrote short stories for magazines, beside writing at least one three-volume novel every year. He was always the most fastidious of writers, and his easy, graceful, and polished diction was acquired only by hard study and laborious care.

Few literary men have gone through so hard an experience as Thackeray did. For twelve years he wrote without public recognition, and with very little pecuniary return. But he followed Burke's noble advice: "Work on, — even in despair, work on." Time and courage must conquer, and so it proved with Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" having been declined by a dozen publishers, more or less, Thackeray published the novel at his own expense. It was a great success, and was followed by others still better, which have placed Thackeray among the grand masters of fiction in that small but illustrious band which includes Cervantes, Balzac, Fielding, Scott, and Hawthorne.

Hawthorne won his way slowly and laboriously to literary success. For ten years he wrote and destroyed what he wrote; but he was acquiring that exquisite style, — that literary art, — which has made him the greatest master of English of this century. At the age of forty-four he declared himself to be "the obscure literary man in America." In a letter written to Longfellow, long afterward, he said: "Here, in my chamber, I sat a long, long time, waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all, — at least, until I were in my grave. It may be true that there may have been some unanticipated pleasures here in the shadows, which I might have missed in the sunshine,

but you cannot conceive how utterly devoid of satisfaction all my retrospects are. I have a great difficulty in the lack of materials; for I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to build my stories on, and it is not easy to give a life-like semblance to such shadowy stuff." Hawthorne was forty-six before "The Scarlet Letter" was published, but he is now a fixed star in the literary firmament.

Few authors, like Byron, wake up and find themselves famous. Few, like Dickens, bound into a sudden and immense popularity. Tennyson has achieved a splendid fame, but he did not reach it by a "primrose path." His first verses were laughed at by the critics. Christopher North said: "Alfred is best as an owl. All that he requires to make him immortal is to be shot, stuffed, set up in a glass case, and be stuck in a museum." After this, Tennyson did not publish anything for ten years. He studied. He wrote. He burned. When his next volume of poems was published, its reception, both from critics and readers, was very different from that accorded to his thin little volume of 1827. He was saluted as the rising young monarch of the throne of poetry, which had been vacant since the death of Byron. As Tennyson was not crushed by the harsh criticism of his first, so he was not unduly elated by the success of his second, literary venture. He studied harder, and in a few years astonished and delighted the world by a succession of poems, which have placed him among the first in that long line of illustrious English poets extending from Chaucer to the present time. Tennyson is the greatest of the living poets of the world, and his success has been worthily won. He deserves the laurel crown which has now adorned his brow for nearly thirty years.

During the first ten years of his literary life, Anthony Trollope did not earn enough to pay for his pens, ink, and paper, but he worked on, and lived to make fifteen thousand dollars by a single novel. Writing from his own pleasant later experience, Trollope declared that there was no career of life so charming as that of a successful man of letters. "If you like the town, you can live in the town, and do your

work there; if you like the country, you can live in the country. It can be done on the top of a mountain, or at the bottom of a pit. It is compatible with the rolling of the sea and the motion of the railway." When he sat down to write a novel, he confessed that he did not know and did not care how it was to end. Such indifference on the part of an author produces indifference to an author's work, and Trollope has almost ceased to be read.

By citing these examples of great authors who have been compelled to work long and hard to gain literary success, I wish to encourage young writers. Of all professions, literature, perhaps, is the most laborious; but success in no other profession is so superbly, so royally, rewarded. The prizes are hard to win, but they are glorious. Burns, the ploughman, becomes the companion of duchesses, and Tom Moore, a poor grocer's son, was the friend of princes and nobles.

Eugene L. Didier.

BALTIMORE, Md.

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER AT HOME.

There is no name more familiar in literary circles of Brooklyn and New York than that of Olive Thorne Miller. Through her young people's stories and her many delightful articles on birds and animals she has endeared herself to the reading juvenile world and to all lovers of natural history. Mrs. Miller is not only an active literary worker; she is a housekeeper, and her controlling hand is seen and felt in every department of her pleasant home on Greene avenue, in this city, where, with her husband, Watts T. Miller, for many years an active Wall-street business man, she dispenses a hearty hospitality, and lives with her grown-up family. One room of the house, divided from the parlor by heavy portières, is designated as the bird room, it being the familiar home of a dozen or more of our native birds. This room is the author's study as well. An abundance of sunlight streams in through a large south window, and on one side stands a good-sized desk covered with books and papers. The room is comfortably, though not luxuriously, furnished, and on every side hang large cages, with doors wide open. Before each window rests a long perch. At the further end stands a low table covered with a white towel, on which are two or three deep tin plates, painted in dark color, and full of water for bathing, with a convenient perch between them. All over the room are birds, — robins and blackbirds,

orioles and thrushes, and many other species. A bluebird is seen splashing in the water. On one side a rose-breasted grosbeak is sunning himself in a corner of the window sash, and others running here and there on the floor with as much freedom as a robin redbreast in the meadow in early morn. Of course, the presence of a visitor changes their behavior somewhat, but they do not lose confidence while Mrs. Miller is present. Though she does not appear to watch them, yet not a motion of one of them escapes her notice. On a little stand near Mrs. Miller's chair is a pile of note-books, each one bearing the name of some bird, and anything peculiar, or interesting and unusual habit, or unaccustomed sound, is at once recorded, and in this way a history is kept of each day's incidents. In this way she not only gets a fair acquaintance with the birds, but a minute record of their behavior and habits in the house and under her eye. If some certain bird evinces shyness, Mrs. Miller often turns her chair around so that her back is toward him, and with a hand glass still watches him. During the winter months she spends much time in study of the birds, and does her writing in the summer, when one after another of her feathered family has flown.

"You seem to enjoy your peculiar study and methods very much," I remarked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Miller, "I have more enjoyment in my studies of birds than I have in human life, because I need not take part in what goes on in the feathered world. I can sit and stare at the small actors in bird dramas exactly as if it were a play, while in human society I must do my share, and not be so rude as to stare. To me a bird is as much an individual as a person. I never have a wild bird caught or killed for me. I buy them in the bird stores, and after studying them through the winter, I take them out to the park, and if they are capable of taking care of themselves, I let them go free. It is the habits and life of the birds, and not their classification, that I am interested in. Most writers, I believe, kill the birds, count their feathers and the number of their bones, and classify them. I don't care a rap for classification. Life and action are what interest me. For many years I visited Prospect Park in my studies, and spent hours there in the most wild and unfrequented parts. I used to go every morning, rain or shine, with my note-book and a pair of good opera glasses. Sometimes I would take lunch with me, and lie around, and read, write, and observe until after sundown. But nowadays so many boys and strangers frequent the park that birds are not at full liberty, and I have been doing my studying in the country of late. I

get small boys to hunt up the birds' nests, and then I watch their conduct for the day. I spent a whole month in North Carolina once studying the mocking-bird through its nesting. I always try, after studying a bird in confinement, to study the same bird in freedom. I take copious notes, and then, when I sit down to write, everything I saw comes back to me. I am very careful not to draw on my imagination in writing up birds. Every line I write upon birds I have seen myself, without exaggerations or additions, unless explicitly stated otherwise."

"How long have you studied birds?"

"Only about eight years. My first bird paper was a study of a cat-bird, published July, 1883, in the *Atlantic Monthly*,—and most of my bird papers have been published in that magazine."

"Do you not find it rather difficult work to look after your bird room?"

"Much curiosity has been expressed in many letters from strangers about my arrangement for keeping up a bird room in a house of the ordinary city pattern. An account of the plan and its working is published in the February number of the *Home Maker*. I intend to prepare a book,—indeed, it is already far on the way,—giving practical directions for keeping and making happy a roomful of birds, with minute directions about preparing quarters and the many little conveniences,—the result, in fact, of seven years' experience. There never was a worker so in love with his work as I am with mine. I am as enthusiastic as if I were fifteen instead of fifty (plus)."

"You are deeply interested in women's clubs, are you not?"

"Yes; of late I have written a number of articles on women's clubs, and have given them warm endorsement."

"Now tell me something about your working day."

"Well, my idea of a perfect day," said Mrs. Miller, "is to devote all the morning of it to writing,—that is, until one o'clock,—and in that time I can get through a pile of work. Occasionally I write in the afternoon, but never at night. I spare the evening for reading, recreation, and visiting with my family."

Olive Thorne Miller has been before the world as an author but a short time,—about eight or ten years; but perhaps for five years prior to that she began writing for children, mostly sketches in natural history, with an occasional story. She has published six books, through the house of E. P. Dutton & Co., for children: "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur," first and most famous and dear

to the hearts of thousands of children; "Queer Pets at Marcy's," true stories of animal life in domestication; "Little People of Asia," sketches of children all over that continent; and "Nimpo's Troubles," a story that ran as a serial in the early days of *St. Nicholas*. Her two later books are exclusively her bird sketches, and are published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston: "Birds' Ways" and "In Nesting Time." Mrs. Miller began to write under the name of "Olive Thorne." Her pen has brought such success that she has hardly an idle hour. She is a member of the Meridian Club, and prominent in many noteworthy movements, with other leading literary women of New York and Brooklyn. In appearance she is tall and somewhat stout in figure, with a face highly flushed with vigorous health, beaming with good nature, and encircled in a frame of wavy iron-gray hair. She is sociable, and almost jolly in manner, but is not a society woman (so-called). Mrs. Miller was born in Auburn, N. Y., but spent much of her earlier life in Chicago and other Western cities. She has made Brooklyn her home for the past twelve years.—"*J. A. McK.*," in the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE ENGLISH OF EDGAR SALTUS.

We can understand that a man of clay so fine as that of Gonfallon in "A Transaction of Hearts" would soon weary of a woman whose skin was "eburnean in its clarity, and whose eyes were of Iserine." Besides, she presented the "disposition of a sun-dial"; and, worse than all, "she was as clairvoyant as a nyctalope!"

Taking these facts into consideration, together with the other facts that her husband was "myope" and somewhat afflicted with "akosmism," which made him roam his study like a "gryfalcon," we have some reasonable grounds for a coolness. Then, too, his eyes were of that green-black seen only in "dysodile coal," and the dysodile eyes meeting the Iserine eyes could not reasonably be expected to lay aside their astonishment for mere sympathy's sake.

Mr. Saltus' story is told with a strain of English that is pretentious, pedantic, and often obscure. No one will know what "Iserine eyes" are till he thinks of Campbell's well-known poem, and remembers the line, "Of Iser rolling rapidly." Then it may occur to him that there is a mineral found in that river called "Iserine."

There was a good deal of that kind of writing in "Eden." Mr. Usselex in that book, I remember, sat down incidentally "like Thor in the court of

Utgarda." If he did not get up again like Ujjad-hildig in the Sarawass of Redjidwuld, during the same chapter, it was probably owing to considerations of terminology. I remember that this same Mr. Usselex when he wanted to crush an enemy wished him "vertiginous success," and Eden, who listened to him on one of these sesquipedalian occasions, thought he was an "engastrimuth," but afterward her mind cooled down, and "her goblins were replaced by glyptodons."

In "A Transaction of Hearts" I find that the Countess of Cinq-Cygne had a beauty that was "that of a city raised from the ground." In another place Gonfallon assists at "the fabulization of a masquerade," and Bucholz's laugh "had in it the ghoulis mock of the graphophone." In another Gonfallon is represented as preaching to a congregation of neurosthenes.

Lucidity is certainly not attained by this use of technical terms, nor is accuracy always preserved. When Mr. Saltus describes Ruth as being clairvoyant as a nyctalope he is really saying that she had the clear sight of a diseased eye, which is not what he meant to say. He has sacrificed accuracy to pretentiousness of expression.

If life were made up of negations, and terminology furnished proof of it, Mr. Saltus would be not only a profound, but a brilliant man. But even then I should object to his speaking of lamp-posts as "disorganized," and probably get a little tired of his "intussusceptions" and "tangential flights," which exceed anything that I ever encountered in the most transcendental "Massachusettsian" village.—"*Nym Crinkle*," in the *New York World*.

WALTER SCOTT'S LITERARY HABITS.

There is another reason why Scott's literary habits have a special interest. He may be said to be the father of a new race of literary workmen,—to be the prototype of the authors of to-day, with their regular habits, methodical industry, proper remuneration, and general sanity. Scott did not wait for "inspiration." He had no fantastic notions about genius, but he did have a literary gift, which he used in an eminently rational way.

Like so many men who have attained fame in literature, he was early dropped into a legal apprenticeship. Scott had an aversion to the mechanical effort of writing, and how effectually he was helped to overcome it by his apprenticeship may be understood when he tells us that he remembers having written during that period upward of one hundred and twenty folio pages without interval for food

or rest. The total amount he received from the first ten years of his practice was, as his fee-books show, about £1,100, the annual receipts being from £24 to £200; and this total amount of his first ten years of law practice was equal to about one-eighth of the cash sum for which he sold "Woodstock," a novel that cost him less than three months' work. However, with his characteristic good sense, he did not give up the law until he had secured a safe place in literature.

In 1806, he was appointed Clerk of the Session. His work was not affected by his surroundings, and he labored as faithfully in his little den in Edinburgh as in the much seen library at Abbotsford, although the former room seemed especially adapted for a literary workman. The "den" in Castle street was a small room, with a single window and a single picture, the window looking out upon a patch of turf, just large enough to provoke the imagination of one who loved the country. The walls were entirely hidden by books, arranged systematically in classes, the cases and shelves of each class being plainly lettered. Each book had its proper place, and if one were loaned, a wooden block, bearing a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, stood substitute on the shelf. The books were all richly bound, and never misused; indeed, Scott confessed himself a great coxcomb about them, and hated to see them specked or spotted. A few reference books were at hand, near the massive table where he worked; and within reach were his Session papers, literary manuscripts, sheaves of letters and proof-sheets, all neatly tied up. There was no picturesque disorder, no posing. All his writing apparatus was in perfect order. The rest of the furniture consisted of two chairs and a step-ladder, upon which a big tom-cat usually lay dozing. Hard work, a dinner engagement, an evening at the theatre, or a ride with a friend made up Scott's life in Edinburgh.

In the country at Ashestiel, before he had drawn upon himself the cares of the Abbotsford estate, the long solitary evenings were given up to writing. But he afterward found that working at night was likely to bring on his nervous headaches, and that he was only half a man unless he had seven hours of utter unconsciousness; thenceforth his habits in the country were those described with delight by the many who enjoyed the hospitality of Abbotsford.

He arose at five o'clock, lit his fire, shaved and dressed himself with particular care, for he disliked any sort of slovenliness, and by six o'clock he was busy at his desk, with his papers and books of

reference where he could find any one of them without the loss of a moment. He worked until eleven or twelve o'clock, save for his breakfast hour between nine and ten, and by one o'clock he was on horseback. The dinner hour was early, and the host and his family, with their guests, passed a short evening in conversation and music. As he said, "he broke the neck of the day's work before breakfast."

Though Scott devoted many hours to the mere putting of his thoughts on paper, yet the creative process was going on at other times. Scott himself bears witness to this condition when he tells us: "I lie simmering over things for an hour or so before I get up,—and there is the time I'm dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it commonly runs off pretty easily."

The year 1816, during which Scott produced nine volumes, affords another instance of his tremendous capacity for work. His unconquerable industry did not flag even when he was travelling, and in the morning he rarely ever resumed his journey without forwarding a package directed to the printer at Edinburgh. He found dogged persistency at composition was an unfailing remedy for discouragement, and that adversity drew out the best that was in him. Illness and intense bodily pain could no more deter him from writing than could travel or pleasure. The greater part of both "Ivanhoe" and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated, and its composition was punctuated by the groans of the suffering author. When one work was finished, he took up another: "Anne of Geierstein" was completed one morning before breakfast, and after breakfast he began his compendium of Scottish history.

The manuscript page of one of the Waverley novels is of quarto size, evenly written in a free and open hand, without a dotted "i" or a crossed "t." A short dash alone indicates the place for a punctuation mark, but the mark itself is left for the printer to insert. The writing is so uniform as to suggest that it might almost have been projected against the paper by a single effort rather than penned line by line. Indeed, the handwriting was so regular that Scott could from the amount of copy calculate exactly to a page the length of a volume: this he has done on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Peveril of the Peak." Each of these pages of copy contained about eight hundred words. At the time of the composition of "Ivanhoe" three such pages, equal to fifteen or sixteen of the original impression, were considered a day's work,

although later he often exceeded that number. He records the result of one day's work as six manuscript pages, or about twenty-four pages of print; another day he wrote copy enough for thirty pages of print; and one day of hard work on "The Fair Maid of Perth" supplied the printer with manuscript for forty pages of print. Occasionally the bottom of a manuscript page shows the flourish used by lawyers to prevent the insertion of forged additions, — certainly an unnecessary scroll for a Waverley novel. — *E. H. Woodruff, in Scribner's Magazine for February.*

PRICES PAID FOR SHORT STORIES.

The Literary World contends that the average short story by a writer of established reputation brings about \$250, whereas ten years ago the price paid for a story of equal length would have been not much more than \$100; and that stories from unknown authors of sufficient merit to find a place in one of the leading magazines will often bring \$150. *The Critic* takes the ground that these statements are absurd, and only calculated to play havoc with the hopes of aspiring authors. In order to make a practical test, I secured the opinions of many prominent authors, who know whereof they speak. Here is what they say: —

Professor H. H. Boyesen. — "Judging from my own experience, I should say that the statement of *The Literary World* was about correct."

Brander Matthews. — "I sold last year four short stories to *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Young People*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century* for \$250 each; also, I sold a very short one to *Scribner's* for \$150, and received \$100 for a three-page sketch from the *Century*. I have now on my table an offer of \$75 for a tiny story of 1,500 to 2,000 words. My price for a story of from 7,000 to 10,000 words is \$250. There are perhaps a dozen other short-story writers who can get this price, and there are three or four who can get more. I have known both the *Century* and *Scribner's* to pay \$150 for 6,000 or 7,000 word stories by a man quite unknown to them."

George H. Jessop. — "It seems to me that the figures you state are fairly representative of the prices paid by the large magazines, excepting to the few names which always command a special remuneration. I have myself received both \$150 and \$200 for short stories, but never less than the former sum."

Julian Hawthorne. — "I know nothing about the matter, except my own experience. I suppose the price paid for a short story of, say, 5,000 words

varies, according to circumstances, from \$10 to \$1,000. An American publisher, Robert Bonner, probably paid Dickens \$5,000; but that is exceptional."

George W. Cable. — "I fear that \$150 is a large estimate of the average price paid for a short story, from a writer of no special reputation, by the great magazines. The magazines pay for such stories by the page, or by the thousand words, and only the very longest short story likely to be given place in a single number of such magazine will bring the author \$150. Magazines behind the very front rank pay a much lower rate. Nevertheless, there is no branch of literary work which commands so ready a market for the literary beginner as short stories."

Louise Chandler Moulton. — "The prices mentioned are not excessive."

George Parsons Lathrop. — "I doubt whether \$200 is even the average price paid for short stories by well-known authors. A few persons get more, but most among even fairly-known writers get less than the sum named. The price, however, is somewhat affected by the length of the story. Fifteen years ago, I remember, when Bret Harte was in the height of his fame, \$250 or \$300 was considered an enormous, almost an extortionate, price for him to receive for a short story. He was an exception then, but prices have somewhat advanced in the period I have mentioned. The statement that \$150 is a common price for a story by a writer of no special reputation appears to me preposterous; and I should advise beginners not to build any hopes on that basis. They will be lucky if they get as much as half of \$150. There is a great deal of exaggeration current about prices received from periodicals. I know of one instance, not long ago, in which some thousands of dollars were said to have been paid for a contribution, when, as a matter of fact within my own knowledge, the price paid was only a few hundred dollars. These stories may have their origin in vanity, or in a disposition for playful advertising."

Octave Thanet. — "I can only say that if the friends of the writer in *The Literary World*, with no special reputation, can get \$150 for their short stories, their experience is more fortunate than mine. But I dare say a well-known author would not consider \$200 a high price for a story. I imagine, however, that the price paid unknown writers depends chiefly upon the value of their work, as it should."

Arlo Bates. — "The price paid to well-known authors for short stories can, of course, only be

told by themselves. I chance to have known the rates paid to numbers of writers of no special reputation, and it has usually been from \$10 to \$15 per thousand words."

The editor of one of the three leading magazines, whose name I am not at liberty to give, for obvious reasons, but whose experience has been very wide, says: "It is true that an author of no especial reputation might receive \$150 for a story, but such a payment would indicate that the story was of such length as to justify this payment at the usual rate per page. The statement made, which you repeat, about short stories, is likely to mislead unknown authors."

The above letters prove that the circumstances in connection with the story itself, its merit, and its length govern entirely the prices paid for short fiction. The letter of Mr. Lathrop is interesting especially, as he for some time was managing editor of a well-known magazine, though that was some years ago. Whatever may be said, I have positive and personal knowledge of three short stories recently purchased by the editors of the three leading magazines, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and the *Century*, for which \$150 each was paid. The authors of the tales had never before contributed to magazines, nor were they well known in any branch of literature.—*William F. Bok, in the Chicago Journal.*

AN AUTHOR'S CONTRACT.

When you have had your book accepted, you will be asked to sign a formidable document, from which I am going to make quotations. It is printed on beautiful paper, and presents somewhat the appearance of a mortgage (on your brains), and somewhat the appearance of a passport (to fame). After the usual "agreement" between the party of the first part and the party of the second part, the party of the first part, who is the author, "hereby agrees that the said party of the second part," who is the publisher, "shall have the exclusive right to print and publish the said book during the full term of the copyright thereof, and also during the full term or terms of any and all renewals of said copyright."

The author then agrees that he will not "write, print, or publish, or cause to be written or published, any other edition of said book, revised, corrected, enlarged, abridged, or otherwise, or any book of a similar character," thus delivering afterthoughts and preconceptions along with his whole mental product and equipment,—his children of the brain, "hoofs, horns, and tallow." That done,

the author must further agree that he will "protect and defend" the publisher "against all suits and other actions at law in consequence of any infringement of copyright." After making a complete surrender, he must become protector, and fight for the hand that enslaves him.

On the second page of this beautiful piece of parchment, the publisher, on his part, agrees simply to print and publish, and report semi-annually the sales, and to pay the author,—here a blank space is left, which is usually filled with the words "ten per cent. of the price of the books actually sold,"—"provided that the said party of the second part" (the publisher) "shall not be required to make any such payments until he shall have sold a sufficient number of copies of the said book to reimburse him for all moneys expended in manufacturing and publishing the same."

The climax of this series of "provided howevers" is this: "If, after the said book shall have been published two years, the said party of the second part cannot sell the said book at the cost of paper, printing, and binding, he shall then have the privilege of disposing of all copies for waste paper, and thereupon to cancel this agreement without paying the said party of the first part" (the author) "the sum of money hereinbefore provided, or any other sum."

This is the form of the agreement made with the author by one of the largest publishing houses in New York. With difference in details, all forms are substantially like this. It is not once in ten years that a copy of this interesting kind of document finds its way into print, for the very excellent reasons that no author, after he has signed it, cares to have it made known, and the publisher before it is signed does not care to frighten off all writers whom he has not thus bound to him.

It is but fair to say that these extra-rigid provisions are seldom carried out. The upshot of the whole transaction generally is, that an author entrusts himself to his publisher with the childlike faith that distinguishes the craft, and awaits the accidents of popular favor with what composure he can. When the first semi-annual report is made, the novice of an author concludes that the whole first edition was given to the press to be reviewed. It is on the second and third (if there ever come a second and third) semi-annual reports that he must base his hope of a cash payment. If you except the few successful professional authors (and they are very few), the amount of money paid over by the publishers to the average writer of a book is not enough to buy pens, ink, and paper.—*David Wechsler, in the Brooklyn Times.*

THE AUTHOR.

WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

* * THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

* * All checks and money orders should be made payable to William H. Hills.

* * The American News Company, of New York, and the New England News Company, of Boston, are wholesale agents for THE AUTHOR. It may be ordered from any newsdealer, or directly, by mail, from the publisher.

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Address: —

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(P. O. Box 1905.)

BOSTON, MASS.

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The failure of the House of Representatives to pass the international copyright bill has disappointed all who were interested in the success of the copyright movement.

The illustrated article by E. H. Woodruff, in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, on "Walter Scott at Work," should not be missed by any writer. The extracts from it printed in THE AUTHOR give only a taste of its excellent quality.

Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to send in answers to the "Queries" printed in the magazine, and to ask any questions that they would like to have answered. If readers will coöperate with the editor, they may make this department one of the most useful and interesting features of the magazine.

The favor with which THE AUTHOR has been received proves that there is room for such a periodical, and insures the success of the magazine. Already the subscription list is large, and it is growing rapidly and steadily every day. If the number of subscribers continues

to increase in the same proportion, it is likely that THE AUTHOR will be enlarged before the year is out. In the mean time, if readers have any suggestions to make for the improvement of the magazine, the editor will be glad to know of them. A hint on a postal card might add to the magazine a department which every reader would enjoy.

Hereafter THE AUTHOR will be sent only to those subscribers who have paid their subscription fees in advance, and when subscriptions expire the names of subscribers will be taken off the list. Due notice will be given to every subscriber of the expiration of his subscription, and if no order for renewal, accompanied by remittance, is received, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to discontinue taking the magazine. This plan has been adopted, after due consideration, as being the best and fairest for all concerned. Attention is again called to the requirement that all subscriptions for THE AUTHOR must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTOR.

Criticisms of editors by disappointed contributors usually afford their authors a ready means of getting into print. "A Disappointed Author" lately wrote to the *New York World* to deny the assertion "that editors of periodicals conscientiously read all manuscripts sent to them, whether the authors have a literary reputation or not." She says: "I have positive proof that this is not the case. Having experienced much disappointment in regard to my compositions, I concluded to try a little trick to see whether they were read or not. I tucked tiny pieces of paper between the pages of the manuscript in such a way that if the pages were opened the pieces would be displaced. This story I sent to the *Century*. It came back in four weeks with every piece of paper intact. I immediately sent the same manuscript to *Harper's Magazine* with the same result. As I do not care to dispose of the work of my brains to inferior journals, I made no further efforts to dispose of my work."

To the "disappointed author," no doubt, her experience seemed positive proof that editors are

not so conscientious as they have been painted. "The Lounger" of *The Critic*, however, takes a more sensible view of the case, in saying: "I quite agree with this lady, that every page of the manuscript was not read; but, at the same time, I may say that there are some manuscripts of which even less experienced editors than those in question need read no more than the first page in order to return them with a clear conscience, and a polite note of declination."

The editors of the two great magazines, however, are not the only ones who have roused the ire of their contributors. The editor of *The Independent* recently had to write to a correspondent, one or two of whose stories, "though excellently written," he had declined, and who complained of a lack of courtesy, in that they were sent back by the next mail unread, and without a word of criticism or suggestion. This is what he said:—

We are surprised if there has been any lack of courtesy in our treatment of your stories. Certainly it is a new complaint that the immediate return of a declined manuscript is discourteous. We have had occasional complaints for the opposite fault of delay, but never before for offensive promptitude. You may be assured that neither your stories nor any others are returned unread. The editor in charge of this work is prompt and faithful, and if your story was declined, it must have been for no other reason except either the pressure of other matter or because something in the story itself seemed to make it unavailable. You certainly could not ask him to take his time to offer criticisms and suggestions. Be assured that, as the form of declination says, which I am sure is courteous, and which accompanies every returned article, we must decline many excellent articles well worth printing, and the fact that we decline cannot be a real grievance.

Of course, it is a favor to us to have any writer send us an article. We always examine those sent, and decline all those we can, and accept those we must.

In speaking of this letter in *The Independent*, the editor says: "Our usual form of declination is as follows, and is in handsomely engraved script on fine linen paper, and we have been told by writers who have had much experience in having articles returned that it is a poultice of balm to a disappointed spirit:—

THE INDEPENDENT,
251 Broadway, New York. }

We are sorry to be compelled to decline, with thanks, the accompanying article. We are overwhelmed with communications, and the exceptional number of excellent articles which come to this journal compels us to decline very many which are quite as worthy of publication as those which we accept.

EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT."

The simple truth is that every editor receives

manuscripts the very envelopes of which,—almost,—show that they are not suited to his purpose. To read them would be a useless waste of time. The only sensible thing for him to do is to return them to their authors, with or without a printed note, saying that he finds them unavailable. The author has no reason to be either offended or discouraged by such a failure. He cannot in justice expect an editor to waste time looking at wares he knows he cannot buy, while, on the other hand, a second editor may want what the first editor has refused. The "disappointed author" who sits down in despair at the second rejection, and "makes no further efforts to dispose of his work," will surely get exactly as much fame as he deserves.

William H. Hills.

QUERIES.

[Readers of THE AUTHOR are invited to answer questions asked in this department. Replies should be brief and to the point, and they should always mention the number of the question answered.]

No. 13.—Is not W. D. Howells an imitator, rather than a mere admirer, of Balzac? Surely his "Rise of Silas Lapham" is little better than a feeble imitation of "César Birotteau."

H. S. T.

STRATFORD, Conn.

No. 14.—Who is the author of the following lines:—

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing?"

A. B.

SAN DIEGO, Calif.

No. 15.—A reviewer, speaking of Edgar Saltus' latest novel, says: "The book runs over with forced expressions, and is stuffed full of words excavated laboriously from 'Jenkin's Small Dictionary of Uncommon Words,' not for beauty of expressiveness, but because they will be caviare to the general public." Is there any such book as "Jenkin's Dictionary," or is that an invention of the reviewer?

J. W.

SOMERVILLE, Mass.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

No. 2.—It is generally supposed that George Eliot's "Theophrastus Such" is composed of life

studies, or George Eliot's opinions of certain character types. She might have intended to elaborate them further. G. W. Cooke, in his life of George Eliot, says that no one who wishes to know the author's mind can afford to overlook this book.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. R. B.

No. 3.—“J. L. L.” has n't any Arnold's ink (London.) He thinks he has, but he has n't. Arnold's ink will do whatever it ought to do. The police recently raided an establishment in Chicago, and found thousands of Arnold's bottles, which the enterprising proprietor had bought up second-hand (and empty,) and had refilled with worthless ink, labelling them with forged labels in duplicate of the original. “J. L. L.” had better throw the whole lot away. No one can afford to use ink that fades, when the best can be had at seventy-five cents a quart.

RICHMOND, Va.

E. B. M.*

No. 6.—A complete edition of the “British Dramatists” it would be impossible to find. John Campbell's “British Theatre,” published in 1855, is in forty-seven volumes, with remarks biographical and geographical. It is printed from the acting copies of the plays used at the theatres royal. There is also a large work of Inchbald's.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. R. B.

No. 8.—“M. L. H.” can procure photographers' paste of E. & H. T. Anthony, 591 Broadway, or of the Scovill Manufacturing Company, 423 Broome street, near Broadway, New York city. A jar containing one pound and costing twenty-five cents will keep for a long time. I have had mine over a year, and it is only half gone, and is still sweet. A good way, if a little is used, is to put some in a clean vaseline or similar wide-necked bottle, and cover the jar, and set it in a cool place. It is a very convenient article to have around.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. H. E. W.

No. 8.—I cannot give any information concerning photographers' paste, but nothing can be better for pasting scraps and papers than gum tragacanth. This does not require hot water, and does not discolor the paper or acquire a disagreeable odor. It can be bought at any drug store for five or ten cents an ounce, and can be prepared with cold water. It is well to put a few bits in a wide-mouthed bottle.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C. R. B.

No. 9.—An extensive catalogue of the short

stories published in the United States for the last twenty years fails to mention “Bolus Hankus.”

C. R. B.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Black.—William Black is about forty-six years old. He has dark, keen eyes, sparkling behind glasses, black hair, a heavy brown moustache, a firm mouth, a square brow, and a broad chin. He is of medium height, and firmly built. William Black looks like a farmer, and nobody would take him to be an author. He has a ruddy complexion, walks with long, striding steps, and is capable of great endurance. He was educated in private schools in Glasgow. When a boy he showed signs of an artistic disposition, and wanted to become an artist. However, he turned his attention to journalism, going to London when twenty-three years old, and acting as correspondent during the Franco-Austrian war for the *Morning Star*. His first novel was written when he was twenty-six. His books sell very well, yielding him a handsome income, “A Princess of Thule” being the most popular. His habits, when writing, are peculiar. During the summer months he scarcely ever puts pen to paper, but he arranges his stories in his mind, even to the structure of sentences, and often carries them so far months before he begins to write them. He then shuts himself up from everybody, and keeps on writing for ten or twelve hours at a stretch. Everybody in the house has to keep perfectly quiet, as the least noise, even the presence of anybody in the room, interrupts his composition. When he begins his manuscript he regards his labors as nearly finished. He has long time ago severed his connection with newspapers, and now makes by his pen his ten thousand a year. His favorite authors are Heine, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, and Thackeray. Black lives at Brighton, the beautiful seaside resort near London, where he has a comfortable and delightful house.—*Philadelphia Call*.

Blackmore.—Readers of that noble and ever-popular novel, “Lorna Doone,” will be sorry to hear of the increasing ill health of Mr. Blackmore. The author has been living for some time out a few miles from London, not far from the upper Thames. He sees few people, is little known among those about him, and a friend who recently visited him reports that he had great difficulty in finding his home at all. Few of his neighbors know his name, and the tradespeople who do have no idea of his fame as a writer. Mr. Blackmore spends most of his days in his garden, in which he raises with

loving care all manner of fruits and flowers, sending his produce regularly to the city, like any other market gardener. The literary man who visits the author finds little encouragement in trying to get him to talk of himself or his work; both subjects my friend found equally distasteful to him, while he seemed to be quite willing to discuss market gardening in all its phases. What work he does now is accomplished in the evening; he never lets his writing interfere with his care of garden and flowers. He is most painstaking and patient in all that he undertakes, and, in his literary work, so careful that he goes over but little ground at a time. Mr. Blackmore is retiring and modest to the last degree. A petition for his portrait brings a cold chill upon him, and the innumerable requests he receives for autographs and personal mementoes he promptly puts in his waste basket. When asked, recently, if he would allow his portrait to be published, he replied: "By no means; the public have no wish to know how I look. If my books are read, the interest ends with the works. I do not believe in this petty curiosity, and I shall keep out of it."—*William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter.*

Burnett.—Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's marriage gave her international copyright. She is an Englishwoman born, and being married to an American citizen, she is able to secure the copyright of her books in both the United States and in England. This gives her great advantage over authors who are British subjects, and who are consequently unable to obtain a copyright in the States.—*Court Journal.*

Collins.—Wilkie Collins has described the manner in which he works out his plot and clothes this framework with flesh and blood. He used "The Woman in White" to illustrate his method of writing novels. His first effort was to get his central idea,—"the pivot on which the story turns." This occurred to him in the shape of a conspiracy in private life, by which a woman is robbed of her identity by being confounded with another woman whom she closely resembles. He next searched for and finally found the three principal characters in the drama, the conspirator and the two women. Then began the process of building up the story, three things being borne in mind, "to begin at the beginning, to keep the story always advancing, without paying the smallest attention to the serial division in parts or to the book publication in volumes, and to decide on the end." The first step was to sketch the plot in the mind,—to decide in a very general way upon the development of the

story. The beginning of "The Woman in White" gave the author much trouble. He decided upon an opening scene, and spent over a week in writing it out, only to throw it away. Nor did any satisfactory idea suggest itself to him, until one evening he happened to read in a newspaper of a lunatic who had escaped from an asylum. Instantly the possibility of using this incident occurred to him, and he fell to work upon a new beginning for the story. After that, all was comparatively smooth work, the characters and the details of the plot being elaborated as the story advanced. After six months of hard labor, the tale was completed. Young authors will be interested in Mr. Collins' account of his efforts to perfect his style. "The day's writing having been finished," he says, "with such corrections of words and such rebalancing of sentences as occur to me at the time, is subjected to a first revision on the next day, and is then handed to my copyist. The copyist's manuscript undergoes a second and a third revision, and is then sent to the printer. The proof passes through a fourth process of correction, and is sent back to have the new alterations embodied in a revise. When this reaches me, it is looked over once more before it goes back to press. When the serial publication of the novel is reprinted in book form, the book proofs undergo a sixth revision. Then, at last, my labor of correction has come to an end."—*The Book Buyer.*

Hale.—Edward Everett Hale believes that three hours a day is as large an average day of desk work as a man of letters should try for. "I have," he recently said, "written for twelve consecutive hours, but this is only a *tour de force*, and in the long run you waste strength if you do not hold every day quite closely to the average." Dr. Hale believes that the brain should not be excited or even worked hard for six hours before bedtime. The evening occupation should be light and pleasant, as music, conversation, or attendance at the theatre, or a stroll in summer. No work of any kind should be done in the hour after dinner or after any substantial meal, as all the vital force is required for the beginning of digestion. "Sleep nine hours if you can, but do not allow yourself less than seven," is Dr. Hale's closing injunction.—*William F. Bok's Syndicate Letter.*

Hume.—The most interesting volume of literary correspondence which has recently appeared is a collection of letters by David Hume to his publishers. Of the first volume of his "History," only forty-five copies were sold within twelve

months after its publication. It was only after the appearance of the second volume that the public began to show its appreciation. What the letters of Hume, now published for the first time, chiefly show is the assiduity of the author as a corrector. He was never satisfied with his phrases, — always trying to produce something which was beyond his powers. More than once he quotes with approval the saying of Rousseau's, that "one-half of a man's life is too little to write a book, and the other half to correct it." His labor was purely for love, and he was able to boast to his friend Strahan, "I am perhaps the only author you ever knew who gratuitously employed great industry in correcting a work of which he has fully alienated the property." — *New York Observer*.

"Ouida." — "Ouida's" villa is situated on one of the lovely hills that overlook Florence. Her garden, though small, is in beautiful order, and is well guarded by two large Maremma sheep dogs. The villa is in the Italian style, and the vine-clad piazza commands a charming view. "Ouida's" real name is Louise de la Ramé. Her father was a Frenchman, her mother English; and while her tastes and manners are French, her features are decidedly English. Her face is fair and oval, her eyes are deep blue in color, and very large and expressive; her hair is golden brown. She is about the medium height, slender, and graceful. She passes much time in the open air, driving and walking, and from April to October is out all the time, except when eating and sleeping. Her favorite time for driving is in the afternoon from 2 to 6. She drives herself, and always has a couple of pet dogs with her; in fact, whether walking or driving, at home or abroad, eating or reading, thinking or writing, she has her canine companions by her side. She has a burying-place for her dogs in her garden, and her favorite St. Bernard dog, Isla, has a marble tomb over his remains. "Ouida" is an early riser; tempted by the lovely climate of Florence, she is up at 6 in winter and 5 in summer. Her literary work is done chiefly in winter, but she has no particular hours of the day for writing, taking up her pen only when she is in the humor to write. She does not remember when she commenced authorship, for at the age of four she wrote in printed letters a child's story. She paints with great cleverness, both in oil and water colors, and she finds her favorite subjects in her own household pets. A dog or cat always appears in her landscapes, and sometimes a horse is added. The name of "Ouida" is an infantine corruption of her baptismal name, Louise, just as "Boz" was of

Charles, the first name of Dickens. She began her literary career by writing short stories for the English magazines, and was glad to get one pound a page for them. Now her English publishers give her \$7,000 for every book she writes. — *Louis Northrop, in the New York Star*.

Poole. — Dr. William Frederick Poole, the librarian of the Newberry Library, has frequently been asked to explain the origin of the inscription: "*Qui scit ubi sit scientia habenti est proximus*," — "Who knows where knowledge is, is next to having it," — which appears on the title page of his "Index to Periodical Literature." In truth the Latin author, or the author in Latin, is the accomplished librarian himself. The first edition of the "Index" was printed in 1848, and covered only the periodicals of a small library at Yale. Young Poole was not burdened with too much money, and Putnam, who published the book, assumed all financial responsibility. The edition was a small one, and copies are now rare. Even the author does not possess one, and had not seen one for twenty years, until, while attending the first International Librarians' Conference, in London, he found a copy in the British Museum, "much soiled and dog-eared from constant usage." Another edition was published in 1853, of more comprehensive scope. The work is now under the charge of the Library Association, with the assistance of four English librarians. A cooperative arrangement exists whereby each librarian does a certain share of the current indexing, the whole being issued as a supplement every five years. — *Chicago Tribune*.

Schreiner. — Although Miss Olive Schreiner's book, "The Story of an African Farm," was published several years ago, it did not acquire any considerable circulation in this country until last summer, and so it may fairly be grouped with the two other famous novels of the year. From Miss Schreiner herself was received, in response to the application for the facts of her life, a brief autobiographical sketch, which is of so much interest that we give it entire. These few lines cover four pages of note paper, Miss Schreiner's handwriting being very coarse and easy to read. Her account of her life is as follows: "My father was a German, born in Würtemberg. He studied at Basel, and went to South Africa as a missionary. My mother is English, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, and for generations my ancestors have been strict Puritans. I was born in the heart of South Africa, on a solitary mission station. I was many years old before I saw a town. My father died many years ago. My mother has become a Roman

Catholic, and is living in a convent in South Africa. I came to England for the first time seven years ago, and then published the 'African Farm,' which I had written in Africa. The first English edition was published in 1882. I have made stories ever since I could remember; long before I could write I used to scribble on sheets of paper, imagining that I was writing them. I began 'An African Farm' when I was almost a child, but left it for some years before I finished it."—*The Book Buyer*.

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

The Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society has just awarded a prize of \$700 to Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, for a manuscript story, entitled "Rose and Thorn." A second prize of \$300 falls to Mrs. Caroline A. Mason, of Brockport, N. Y., for her story of "A Titled Maiden."

The Presbyterian Board of Publication, of Philadelphia, will soon bring out a new Western novel by Alice A. Barber. It is named from its principal character, "Ruth Irving, M. D."

Mr. Whittier has told some one that "Maud Muller" came to him as a name which he repeated to himself: "Maud Muller, Maud Muller," for some time, and out of the rhythm the poem took form.

Macmillan & Co. have among their announcements "An Author's Love. Being the Discovered Letters of Prosper Merimée's 'Inconnue,'" a work in two volumes.

John Morley's sketch of Walpole will be the next volume in the Twelve English Statesmen Series.

Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, have made arrangements with W. H. Murray for a series of six volumes of Adirondack Tales. The first volume will be published in the spring, and two others will follow next autumn.

The supplement to *Harper's Weekly* of February 2 contains a series of papers by leading American playwrights on "The American Drama."

The scene of Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is said to shift from London to the South Seas. He is thinking of calling it "The Gaol-Bird," and he will publish it in the autumn.

Tolstoi authorizes a denial of the statement that he has ready for publication a new novel. He has a new story in hand, but it is unfinished, and the state of Tolstoi's health at present is not good. He is now in Moscow with his family.

"Essays—Religious, Social, Political," by David Atwood Wasson, is announced by Lee & Shepard. The volume includes, besides the essays, an autobiographic sketch, and a biography of Wasson by his friend, Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

Lawrence Hutton is preparing a unique article on the complimentary inscription written by authors, past and present, in the copies of their books presented to their contemporaries. The motive of the article is to show the bonds of friendship existing between authors whose relations the public often believe to be strained.

Charles Dudley Warner's new serial, to be begun in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*, is to be called "A Little Journey in the World."

At the meeting of the Western Authors and Artists' Club in Kansas City, February 6, sixty-four new members were elected. The next meeting of the club will be held the first Wednesday in October.

The Collegian (Boston) for February contains a serial paper "On the Teaching of English Literature in the College Curriculum," by Professor Spring; "The Modern Novel," by Caroline T. Goodloe; "Nature in Thoreau and Burroughs," by Frederick Perkins; and the "Position of 'Lalla Rookh' in English Literature," by E. A. Herrick.

The Lothrop literature prizes have not yet been awarded. The time for competition expired December 1, but there are so many competing articles that, although the manuscripts are being examined as rapidly as possible, it will be some months before the awards can be made.

Margaret Deland never even wrote a short story until after she put "John Ward" on paper. She is now writing a new novel. In spite of the apparent unorthodox tendencies of "John Ward," Mrs. Deland remains herself a stout churchwoman.

A special prize of twenty-five dollars is offered by the publisher of *The Growing Youth*, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., for the best poem commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington. The competition is open to all. The poem must not contain more than one hundred lines, and must be received on or before March 21.

"The Romance of a Shop" is the title of a novel which Cupples & Hurd are about to publish. It is the work of Miss Amy Levy, an English-Hebrew, a pretty, gentle brunette of twenty-five. Beside poems, she has contributed many short stories to *Temple Bar* and other magazines.

Clark Russell has long been a suffering cripple from rheumatism. He has tried all sorts of remedies, — even a long voyage to the Cape, — and has at last found relief at an English therapeutic establishment, where the pine treatment is given. Here the sufferer inhales, swallows, bathes in, and is rubbed with the essence of the pine.

H. S. Edwards, the author of "Two Runaways," will have a story in a new vein in the *March Century*. It is called "The Rival Souls."

"The Edict of Freedom" is the title of the March instalment of *The Century's* "Life of Lincoln." In this number is completed the story of "Emancipation." In "Topics of the Time," the editor says that "the very heart and substance of the author's 'Life of Lincoln' are to be found in the instalments published in *The Century* for December, January, February, and March."

"Brentano's," of New York, Chicago, Washington, and Paris, have opened a London branch at 430 Strand.

The *Magazine of American History* for February is a "Washington's Birthday Number," with a picture of Washington and his family for a frontispiece, and several interesting articles on Washington. There are also articles entitled "Oriental Account of the Discovery of America," "The Mound Builders and North American Indians," and "Slavery in New York and Massachusetts," with the usual departments.

The *Louisville Courier-Journal* says: "Mrs. Cleveland is said to have literary aspirations. It is understood that she has promised Mr. Gilder that she will write some sketches for the *Century* as soon as she has retired to private life."

Ticknor & Company's February books are "A Daughter of Eve," a novel by the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," and "Safe Building," by Louis De Coppet Berg. The February volumes of Ticknor's Paper Series are "The Desmond Hundred," by Jane G. Austin, and "A Woman of Honor," by H. C. Bunner.

Munsey's Weekly is the name of a new illustrated periodical started in New York. John Bangs is the editor.

The D. Lothrop Company are about to move into a handsome building on Washington street, opposite Bromfield street, Boston. They have also taken the large five-story building from 114 to 120 Purchase street, for printing, binding, mailing, and editing their various publications. There are more than 3,000 books on the Lothrop Company's lists.

Messrs. Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, have removed to their new store on School street, near the Old Corner Bookstore, where the senior partner presided for some years. They have added to their business the Algonquin Press.

A literary curiosity is the first instalment, in the February *Cosmopolitan*, of a Chinese historical novel, entitled, "Wu Chih Tien, the Celestial Empress." The story is two thousand years old, and is the classic of Chinese literature. It opens dramatically and quaintly, and is adroitly illustrated.

An author, who had written a book and had it printed, refused to pay for the numerous corrections with which he was charged. When the case was taken into court, the judge decided that the writing was so bad and illegible as to justify the printer in charging for the consequent corrections.

Cassell & Company say that the *New York World* did not print Max O'Rell's new book complete in a recent Sunday issue. In Max O'Rell's book there are forty-one chapters, of which the *World* printed twenty-eight in part.

Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. have issued a special ten-page catalogue of books by Western authors: and books on Western topics, by which it appears that nearly fifty of the authors whose works are published by this house reside in Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Ohio, or some other Western State. The list of authors is an interesting one. It includes Lew Wallace, John A. Wilstach, T. C. Mendenhall, J. B. Howe, J. P. Dunn, Jr., of Indiana; Joseph Kirkland, Frank W. Gunsaulus, Washington Gladden, Franklin W. Head, J. Emerson Smith, John D. Caton, William M. Payne, E. G. Mason, of Illinois; James K. Hosmer, Annie Wall, D. R. McAnally, Lucien Carr, of Missouri; Thomas M. Cooley, L. H. Bailey, Jr., of Michigan; Edith M. Thomas, John Hay, William D. Howells, Elizabeth Karr, George S. Gray, Alice and Phæbe Cary, John James Piatt, Mrs. S. M. Piatt, Forceythe Willson, James A. Garfield, A. P. Russell, Mary A. Sprague, Edward R. Sill, Rufus King, of Ohio; Octave Thanet, of Iowa; Mary N. Murfree, James Phelan, of Tennessee; Josiah Royce, Flora H. Loughhead, Kate Douglass Wiggin, Mary E. Bamford, of California; N. S. Shaler, H. B. McClellan, Henry Watterson, of Kentucky; Carswell McClellan, of Minnesota; O. W. Wight, of Wisconsin; Charles Denison, of Colorado. The authors of works on Western topics are: Bret Harte, William Barrows, William Henry Bishop, Theodore Roosevelt, W. G. Sumner, Carl Schurz, Leverett W. Spring, Edward Marston, George F. Hoar.

In an interview with Edmund Routledge, on the out-put of the London publishing house of that name, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some striking statistics. In 1887, for instance, 5,590 copies of "The Bigelow Papers" were sold in the Pocket Library, and 6,560 copies of Bret Harte's poems were sold in the same year; of Irving's "Sketch Book," Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp," and Poe's poems, 5,100, 6,210, and 5,440 copies, respectively, were sold. In 1883, 3,150 copies of Artemus Ward's writings were disposed of, 10,000 of Josh Billings', 21,000 of Buffalo Bill's, 3,010 of "The Leavenworth Case," 29,000 of "Poe's Tales," 39,130 of "The Mill Mystery," 9,620 of "Mr. Barnes, of New York," 2,650 of "The Scarlet Letter," 4,950 of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 580 of "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," and 17,943 of Cooper's romances.

The first number of the *Library*, organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, is published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster row, London.

Edgar S. Werner, publisher of the musical and vocal journal known as *The Voice*, has changed its name to *Werner's Voice Magazine*, to avoid confusion with a prohibition paper called *The Voice*.

Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo, N. Y., has issued the first number of his long-contemplated quarterly, the *Magazine of Poetry*. The first issue of the magazine comprises 128 pages, and gives biographies of twenty-three poets, each sketch being followed by a few pages of extracts from the poet's writings. After these are collections of juvenile poems, single poems, and the announcement of a prize-quotation project. The writers treated of biographically are Richard Watson Gilder, George Houghton, Walt Whitman, Anna Katharine Green, "Carmen Sylva," Harriet Maxwell Converse, William W. Martin, Robert Gilfillan, John Boyle O'Reilly, O. C. Auringer, Jean Ingelow, Eliza Allen Starr, Francis Howard Williams, Henry Abbey, Rosa Vertner Jeffery, Mary Morgan, William H. Bushnell, Alice W. Brotherton, Sarah Knowles Bolton, Richard Crashaw, Clinton Scollard, and Charles G. D. Roberts. There are portraits of most of the writers named.

A magazine of which Western people are proud is *The Great West*, edited and published in Kansas City.

"A very remarkable copy of Forster's 'Life of Charles Dickens' is exhibited by Brentano," says the *New York Star*. "It was the work of an English gentleman, who was a great admirer of the

Sage of Gadshill. Forster's 'Life' was in two volumes,—octavo. Each leaf has been inlaid in a large octavo leaf of heavy paper. From twelve to fifteen hundred illustrations were collected and similarly inlaid, and the whole collection was bound in eight large folio volumes. Upon the death of the gentleman who perfected this labor of love, the work was sold by his heirs. It eventually passed into the hands of Brentano, by whom it is valued at \$800."

The *Christian Union* for January 31 says: "We are authorized to deny the rumors which have been going about the newspapers as to Mrs. Stowe's health. We are assured by her friends that she is in good health for one of her years, though enjoying a well-earned repose from labor of pen and study. This testimony of her friends is abundantly confirmed by a personal letter from her to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, which the latter has very recently received. Her writing is as clear and as firm as it ever was, and affords ocular demonstration, both by its expression and its chirography, that neither her brain nor her hand has lost its cunning."

Walter N. Hinman, author of "Under the Maples," published by Belford, Clarke, & Co., is the son of George E. Hinman, and was born in Stittville, N. Y., in 1854. He was educated in the public schools of Holland Patent and Syracuse, with a term or two at Whitestown Seminary. He lived for some years in Cleveland, Chicago, and New York, being employed as a telegraph operator, and doing some newspaper work. His health failed in the West, and he returned some eighteen months ago to Holland Patent, where he now lives.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has given his medical library entire, consisting of 968 volumes of choice works, to the Boston Medical Association. He has been over half a century in collecting these works, and the gift is not only the rarest, but the largest, ever given to the association by any one person. Dr. Holmes had provision made for them at his own expense, and had them in their place before he notified the association of his purpose. The earliest book bears the date 1490, and the latest, 1887, covering a period of four centuries. In making the gift, Dr. Holmes said, among other things: "These books are dear to me; a twig from some one of my nerves runs to every one of them, and they mark the progress of my study and the stepping-stones of my professional life. If any of them can be to others as they have been to me, I am willing to part with them, even if they are such old and beloved companions."

The National Colored Press Association will hold a convention in Washington March 5, 6, and 7.

"False Modesty in Readers" is the title of a pithy paper by George Parsons Lathrop in the *North American Review*. Mr. Lathrop is a defender of Amélie Rives, though Ouida and George Moore are too much for him.

A new series of books, to be called the "Green Paper Series," is announced to appear from the house of Cupples & Hurd, of Boston. The volumes will be issued semi-monthly, and will be made up largely of works of fiction.

The authorized life of the late Miss Alcott will be published in about a month; the biography of Mrs. Stowe is to be brought out at almost the same time.

Miss Mary F. Seymour has started in New York a woman's paper, called *The Business Woman's Journal*. Miss Seymour is both the editor and publisher of the paper. Her office is at 38 Park row.

The following English authors who died during the past year were possessed of personal estates of the sums named: Bonamy Price, \$58,500; Leone Levi, \$44,000; J. Cotter Morison, \$36,000; Matthew Arnold, \$5,200.

A collective edition of the works of James Russell Lowell will be published by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., in style similar to their recent fine editions of Longfellow and Whittier. Matter which has not before appeared in book form will be included in this edition.

The volume to be brought out this month in Miss Wormeley's series of translations of Balzac's novels will be "Les Employés."

Richard Henry Stoddard, who has been blind for three or four months from cataract, has had an operation performed, which promises to be successful.

G. P. Putnam's Sons continue their Story of the Nations Series by the publication of "The Story of Mexico." Susan Hale is the author.

The Cosmopolitan has secured Edward Everett Hale to conduct a department entitled "Social Problems."

William Evarts Benjamin, the New York bookseller, exhibits the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," published in 1855. The type was set by the poet himself, as he could find no one else to print it at that time. The volume, which is a thin octavo, contains six portraits of the author, taken at various times during the past forty years.

Literary men will be glad to know that the new *Atlantic Index* is rapidly approaching completion.

Mrs. Amélie Rives-Chanler is writing the last chapters of her new novel in her Virginia home. The title of this new story will be "The Witness of the Sun," and its scenes are laid among the people of Italy and Russia. The story will be printed complete in the April issue of *Lippincott's Magazine*, of which a first edition of 150,000 copies will be issued.

The first number of the *Shorthand Review*, published in Chicago and New York, contains much that will be found of special interest to the fraternity. A fac-simile of the stenographic notes of the Haymarket Anarchist speeches, by G. P. English, a Chicago reporter, is an important feature of this issue.

Charles Dudley Warner begins a new serial in *Harper's Magazine* for March. The title is "A Little Journey in the World."

Andrew Lang, "as a matter of interest to book-makers," confesses that his "Perrault's Popular Tales," recently published, cost him £1 5s 10d.

John Bartlett, the compiler of the famous "Familiar Quotations" and "Shakespeare Quotations," has just retired from the firm of Little, Brown, & Co., of Boston, of which he was the senior member.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book will certainly not be ready for publication for nearly a year. It is another religious novel, written on the same general lines as "Robert Elsmere." In a letter to the London correspondent of the *New York World*, Mrs. Ward protests vigorously against the dramatization of "Robert Elsmere" by Mr. Gillette. She says: "'Robert Elsmere' was never written with any view to the stage. It is entirely unsuited for theatrical presentation, and I have refused steadily to allow it to be dramatized in this country. It can only be adapted for the stage by destroying the proportions of the story, by emphasizing what is subordinate, and leaving out what is essential. For I cannot believe that an American, or, in fact, any other public, would bear to hear the most intimate and sacred speculative problems discussed behind the footlights. I am aware that your law gives me no protection, but if, as I am told, the book has made me friends in America, I appeal to their sympathy and to their sense of justice to discourage in every way they can a proceeding which injures the book and outrages the author." Since Mrs. Ward's letter was published, Manager Palmer has decided not to produce Mr. Gillette's play.

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY:

THE STRANGER IN NEW YORK. By F. R. Burton. CHARACTER IN JOURNALISM. By William J. Fowler. THE LITERARY FOCUS. By Rev. A. E. Winslip. COMPOSING-ROOM SLANG. By George B. Petty. PREPARING COPY. By Ambrose E. Pratt. SIGNED EDITORIALS. By Forrest Morgan. THE USE OF TYPE-WRITERS. By J. B. Huling. EDITORIAL, THE WRITER'S Second Volume.

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CONTENTS FOR APRIL:

REVISION. By H. M. Hoke. "LABOR REPORTING." By Cyrus F. Willard. PREPARATION FOR DRAMATIC CRITICISM. By Leo M. Kingdon. SCORING A BALL GAME. By W. I. Harris. A BEGINNER'S MISTAKE. By Maude Meredith. METHOD NEEDED IN LITERARY WORK. By A. L. Henscom. THE LOCAL PRESS. By C. F. Case. HOW TO WRITE SHORT STORIES. By A. M. Cannett. EDITORIAL, VICIOUS VERBOSITY. By Eleanor Kirk. TYPE-WRITING AND SHORTHAND. By R. M. Tuttle.

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DONN PIATT, Editor.

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